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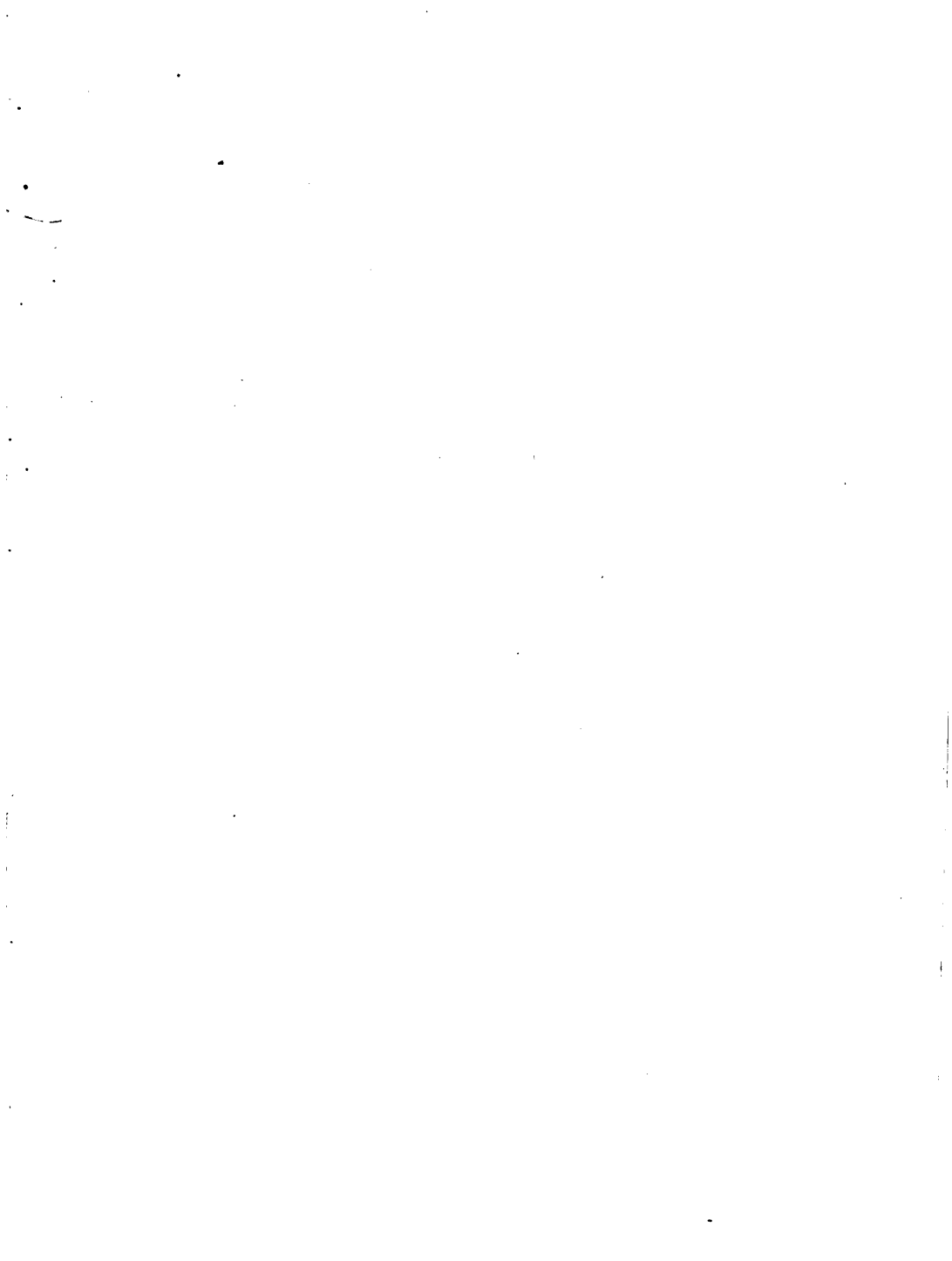
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LITTLE JOHNNY TWOBOYS.

THE STORY
OF
Little Johnny Twoboys.

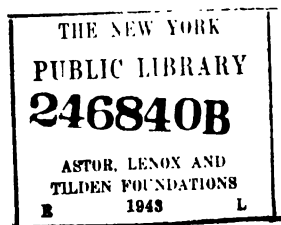
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LITTLE JOHNNY TWOBOYS.

CHAPTER I.

THE WAY THEY TALKED.



WHEN Johnny's mother dressed him mornings, she always buttoned up two boys inside of his blouse. One was named Good; the other, Bad. These boys talked to him all day long, and told him what to do. Sometimes he minded one, and sometimes the other. When his face was being washed, Bad would call out: "You don't want it washed; it's clean enough." And then

Johnny would turn his little nose around under the wash-rag and try to speak, and make his mother a great deal of trouble. Sometimes Bad would talk to Johnny all day long, but at night when he was going to bed, Good would say: "Don't you feel sorry that you have been so naughty?" And Johnny would promise to try and do better, just before he said his prayer.

One day Johnny had a new ball. It was white and clean, and bounced as high as the door.

"Me wants it, too," said Johnny's baby sister.

"She can't have it," said Bad.

"Me wants it, too," cried Baby, again.

"Well, I won't give it to you; it's mine," answered Johnny, giving it a toss.

Baby cried.

"It's mine, I tell you!" shouted Johnny, stamping his foot.

"That's right," said Bad.

Baby cried so hard that mamma came and Johnny was sent out of the room.

"It's your little baby sister," said Good.

"I don't care," said Johnny.

"She put her little arms around your neck and hugged you, just now," said Good.

Johnny felt rather ashamed, so he didn't say any thing more.

Pretty soon Johnny's round face peeped in at the nursery door, and two little rows of white teeth showed themselves, while the ball rolled over to baby.

Good had talked to Johnny until he wanted to make baby happy.



CHAPTER II.

BAD'S WAY.



UT one day Bad had his own way.

Good and Bad had both been very quiet for a few days, and his teacher almost forgot Johnny's round, rosy face and brown eyes and curly hair.

He used to wink his eyes very hard when he was thinking, and when he spoke, two dimples played hide-and-seek in his cheeks. But this day Johnny did not know his lesson.

The teacher had given them four long numbers to add up on their slates. But Johnny did not expect to be called upon, and he had spent his time in thinking about

the Sunday-school picnic he was going to Saturday.

"Johnny, you may give the answer," said the teacher.

Johnny stood up and looked at his slate, but there was no answer.

"Look over Bill Foot's slate — he's got it," said Bad.

But Johnny turned his head away.

"What are you waiting for?" asked the teacher.

"I — I," began Johnny.

"Look, look quick, you goose! or you'll be kept in after school," said Bad, in a loud whisper.

Johnny looked.

"Two hundred and fifty-nine thousand six hundred and fifty-one," he said.

"Right; I thought you would not fail," said his teacher.

"Oh, but didn't I feel mean!" said Johnny.

He told his mother all about it that night when he went to bed. Every thing had gone wrong, and he did not care to see any body. He had gone into the yard alone and whittled with his new knife.

“What do you think you ought to do about it, Johnny? I mean after you have told God,” said mamma.

“Tell my teacher the first thing in the morning,” said Johnny, promptly.

And he did, and she told the school. But she said she knew he was very sorry.



CHAPTER III.

THE BATTLE OF GOOD AND BAD.



Good and Bad had a hard fight one day. Johnny had been playing with some boys, and one of them had pushed him so that he fell against a rough board and thrust a long splinter into his soft little arm. It hurt him cruelly, and he sprang up with a loud, angry cry.

“ I ’ll kill you ! ” he said.

“ Johnny ! ” said Good, softly.

“ Yes, that ’s right, ” said Bad.

Johnny ran after the other boy, but he was larger and soon left Johnny far behind.

But the poor arm pained him so much that he went home crying loudly.

"What is the matter, Johnny?" asked his mother.

"A feller pushed me down, and I'll kill him! Yes, I'll kill him!"

"Johnny — *my* Johnny — kill a boy!" said his mother.

But she could say no more then, for the splinter was deep and large, and she pulled hard to get it out.

Afterward the arm bled, though it hurt less, and Johnny sat down very tired — tired and pale and faint. His mother lifted him gently and laid him on the lounge, where he soon slept. But when he awoke, Good and Bad woke up with him and began to talk again.

"You'd ought to kill him!" said Bad.

"Cain killed his brother," said Good.

"No, I sha'n't exactly *kill* him," said Johnny.

"Forgive him," said Good.

"Indeed, you won't forgive him! You'll hurt him *some way*," said Bad.

"He did n't mean to hurt you," said Good.

"Johnny, what was it my little boy said when he first came in?" asked his mother.

"Well, us boys were playing and Jimmy Tyler pushed me very hard — awful hard — and he'd no business to, and — and — I'm going to do something to him."

"That's right. Say it out!" cried Bad.

Johnny's mother came and sat down by him, taking one of his hands very softly.

"*Now*, you won't hurt him," said Good.

"Don't you listen to her; mothers are always soft," said Bad.

"Did Jimmy mean to hurt you?" asked mamma.

"N-n-o — but" —

"Once a good man, a friend of yours, had sharp nails driven through his hands, and it

was done just on purpose to hurt him, because he loved you and wanted to give you a chance to be like him and live in his beautiful home. He did it for you, and when the pain was very dreadful he only asked God to forgive the men who were hurting him. I want you to think about him for a little while, dear;" and Johnny's mother went away.

"Boys don't think about Him," said Bad.

"Be still," said Johnny.

"If you are the right kind of a fellow you will try to do as He did," said Good.

Then they were both still for a good while.

When Johnny's mother came in, he looked up brightly.

"Mamma, I guess I'll give Jimmy Tyler one of my big fall pippins to-morrow."

"That's *my* boy," said his mother.

CHAPTER IV.

TOO MUCH ADVICE.



JOHNNY had been left with his little sleeping sister and a new picture-book, while his mother went to see a neighbor. The boys were coasting on their sleds just in front of the house, and Johnny did want to go.

"Oh, go on! She's asleep fast enough," said Bad.

"But if she wakes, she'll climb over the side of the crib and fall," said Good.

"You're such a 'fraid cat," said Bad.
"She always sleeps two hours."

"She did n't yesterday," said Johnny.

"Well, she will to-day then, of course, to make up, and you'll just be in here losing all the fun," urged Bad.

"Your mamma don't ask you to stay in often, and you can coast any day," said Good.

"Yes, if it don't thaw or snow or rain or something," said Bad.

Johnny went to the window and pressed his forehead against it until there was a big white patch just over his eyebrows.

"Better go," said Bad.

"Better not," said Good.

Poor Johnny would have minded either Good or Bad. But when they both wanted him to do things that were just opposite he grew cross. Besides, he wanted to do what Bad said,—he almost always did,—only Good would not let him.

"Bother it all!" he cried.

Just then he heard a little noise. He looked around, and there was Miss Baby sitting straight up in her crib, her hair tumbled, her cheeks red, her eyes wide, wide open.

“Donny,” she said.

“There, you see you ought not to have gone out,” said Good.

“Oh, of course you think you’re always right,” said Bad.

But Johnny soon forgot them both in his frolic with baby, who was smiling and lovely after her nap.



CHAPTER V.

LED WRONG.



JOHNNY had a little tool-chest for Christmas. He was very proud of it, and he thought he could now make a rabbit house for some rabbits a boy was going to give him. He had a big wooden box, and he cut off and nailed on slats, to give the rabbits light and air, and still keep them in.

"Call at auntie's for little May, after school, Johnny," said his mother one day. "Don't forget, for she will wait for you."

"No'm!" said Johnny, as he went away. But he did forget, and he had worked

a good while when he heard his little sister come sobbing in.

She had waited for Johnny a long time, and then come home alone.

"No — nobody comed for me!" cried the little maid; "'n' I was all alone and mamma wented to meetin'!"

"Now I'm in a fix," said Johnny to himself. "Papa said if I forgot any thing more for this tool-chest he would take it away for a month."

"Don't tell!" said Bad.

"But *she* will tell!"

"Give her a big piece of candy if she will promise not to tell!" said Bad.

So Johnny took off little May's bonnet, and wiped her eyes and gave her the candy.

"You won't tell mamma I forgot to go for you, now?" said Johnny.

"No-o-o; course not!" said May, who did not know it was wrong to keep secrets from

mamma. Indeed, she did not know what a secret was.

So Johnny kept on with his work.

"You are wicked to teach May such a trick," said Good.

"It is n't a trick ; it's just keeping still," said Bad.

"Oh, do keep quiet, both of you !" said Johnny.

He did not feel a bit comfortable, and he did not want to talk.

Very soon after, mamma came in.

"Now remember you said you would not tell," said Johnny to May.

"No," said May, running to her mamma.

"How is my little girlie ?" said mamma, as she took off her bonnet.

"Oh, I'm all safe, mamma. But I is n't goin' to tell how I comed home alone and Johnny forgetted, 'cause he gave me some candy and I said I would n't."

Then Johnny knew Bad had led him all wrong, just as usual.

That night mamma had a long talk with Johnny, and when he said his prayers he asked the dear Lord to help him fight the Bad in his own heart.



CHAPTER VI.

BAD IS NOT WANTED.



JOHNNY TWOBOYS was tired of Bad.

"He always gets me into trouble, and makes me do wrong, and spoils my good times!" said Johnny to his mother.

Johnny's mother smiled. She knew all about Bad too, and how hard he always tried to have his own way.

"What will you do about it, Johnny?" said his mother.

"I think I'll turn him out," said Johnny. "I think I'll begin to-morrow, and not let him have his way once. Then he will go away."

"You can't turn him out yourself, Johnny,

but you can try, and tell me how well you succeed."

"I guess I *can* turn him out," said Johnny to himself, just before he shut his eyes that night.

The next morning was rainy, and Johnny was very sleepy. The rain made such a nice patter, patter on the roof over his head, that it sung him to sleep every time he opened his eyes.

"Time to wake up, Donny," said baby, making a soft little pound on the door with her fat hand.

"There's time enough for another nap," said Bad, and Johnny rolled over once more.

"Johnny! *Fohnny!*" called his mamma.

"Yes'm," said sleepy Johnny.

"You might take just a few winks more," said Bad.

But Johnny began to wake up and remember how Bad was to be turned

out. He jumped up and drew on one stocking.

"There is n't time enough for your prayers, — better not say them," said Bad.

"I will too!" said Johnny.

But just then the breakfast-bell rang, and he said the prayer so fast that he forgot to ask God to help him turn Bad out.

Then he buttoned his coat as fast as he could, and he buttoned Bad in just as usual.

Some other time I will tell you how Johnny and Bad got on together all that day.



CHAPTER VII.

BUT BAD WON'T GO AWAY.



You know Johnny was going to drive out Bad one day, and he began by waking up late in the morning and forgetting to ask God to help him. That was n't

a good beginning, was it?

"Johnny, you are late," said his father, when he went to breakfast.

"I could n't help it," said Bad, before Johnny had time to think.

"Could n't help it, Johnny?" said his father.

Then Johnny spoke himself.

"I might have helped it if I had n't slept too long."

"That 's better," said his father.

After breakfast they went to prayers in the sitting-room.

Johnny kissed his mamma good-by when he started for school, and said : —

"I surely *will* drive out Bad to-day.

He went a new way to school, for fear he should meet some boys who always teased him.

"Lend me your knife, Johnny," said one of the boys, when Johnny was in the school-yard.

Now it was Johnny's first knife. It had two blades and Johnny was very proud of it. He did not want to lend it, but he thought about Bad, and took the knife right out of his pocket. The boy used it and gave it back.

"There," said Johnny to himself, "I knew I could turn Bad out !"

Just then a little kitten ran across the yard.

"Catch her!" said Bad.

Johnny ran after her and caught her by the tail.

"Give her to me—and me—and me," said all the boys.

"I won't; let me alone," said Bad.

Then all the boys crowded around and Bad threw her over the fence and a big savage dog caught her, and bit her, and killed her.

"Who threw her over the fence?" said the teacher.

"JOHNNY TWOBOYS," they all said.

Then Johnny was sent home with a note to his mother, and he spent a whole day in his own room.

"Why could n't I turn out Bad, mamma?" he asked that night.

"Only God can turn him out, Johnny.

He is too strong for us ; but if we try very hard and pray to God, he will surely help us, just as papa helps you lift the big coal-hod when it is too heavy for you."

"I see. I do mean to try and pray, mamma."

And mamma kissed her boy and asked God to help him.



CHAPTER VIII.

JOHNNY FINDS A WAY TO TURN BAD OUT.



HE next morning Johnny waked up very early. He knew it was not time to get up, so he turned over and over and pushed the pillow off his bed, and picked it up again, and rolled his bed-clothes into such a ball that they could not cover all of him at once. Then he thought he would look out of his window and see what Mrs. Robin was doing in the nest close by. Mrs. Robin was not there, but four little robins lifted their heads and opened four big mouths for some breakfast. Just then Mrs. Robin flew back with a large worm, which she struck against the branch of the tree and broke in pieces for the little ones.

What do you suppose they did? They all tried to get the first piece, and were just as selfish as some little children I know.

"I guess Bad is there too," said Johnny.

That made him think what he had told his mamma he would do that morning. He kneeled down by his bed, shut his eyes, and thought how he had minded Bad the day before, when he had meant to put him out. Then he thought how mamma had said God would help him if he really and truly asked for God's help.

"But you must not hurry your prayer and say words you do not half-mean," said mamma. "Sometimes you say to me: 'What shall I play next, mamma? I wish I knew something nice to play.' Then I know you are just lazy and not half-thinking what you say. And if I tell you something to play I know you will not take the trouble to do it, but will want me to think

what you shall play, and then play it to you to save you any trouble. Isn't that so, some days, my Johnny?"

"Yes, mamma," said Johnny, hanging his head.

"Well, I think that is just the way we ask our heavenly Father for things. We want him to think what we really need and give it to us while we say a few foolish words over and over again without meaning to take any trouble ourselves. Do you think God ought to give us what we ask for in that way?"

"No, mamma," said Johnny.

So this morning he thought a little while before he asked God any thing. Then he said:—

"Dear God, I've got a big Bad inside of me, and he wants me to do naughty things all the time, and if you will please to help me to-day, I will try very hard not

to tease baby or be naughty in school. This is a really and truly prayer. For Christ's sake. Amen."

As soon as mamma sat down to the breakfast table she felt Johnny's arms round her neck, and he whispered:—

"I've asked Him, mamma."

"Truly asked Him?"

"Yes, mamma"

"Then try and see if He does not help you?" said mamma.



CHAPTER IX.

BUT BAD COMES BACK AND TEASES.



I SUPPOSE you 're goin' to be awful good to-day," said Bad, as Johnny started for school.

"Yes, I am," said Johnny, "and I don't want you to speak to me again."

"Oh, my!" said Bad. "Ain't he a good boy!"

"I tell you to be still!" said Johnny.

He began to feel angry.

"*Never mind him,*" said Good. "*Don't think about him at all.*"

How loudly Good spoke!

When Johnny stood up with the spelling class a boy hit him very hard in the back, when the teacher could not see.

"Hit him back," said Bad.

"*Don't!*" said Good, and though he really made no noise he seemed to speak very loudly to Johnny again.

He turned away from the boy, whose name was Dick Turner. The boys called him Dick Turnip.

"Why did n't you hit back at me in class?" said Dick, at recess. Did n't you dast?"

"Tell him 'Of course you did,' said Bad.

But before he could speak Good had put better words into his mouth.

"I would n't do it."

"Oh, yes, you did n't dast! you did n't dast!" cried Dick.

Johnny's face began to get very red. His little hands shut up tight, and Bad whispered: —

"Awful good, ain't he?"

Then Good spoke through Johnny's mouth: —

"I do dare, but it is n't right to hit back, and I won't do it."

"What's all this?" said Johnny's older cousin, coming up. "Let him alone, Dick Turnip;" and Dick went away.

When Johnny was leaving the school-room that afternoon, his teacher called him back.

"I want to show you something, Johnny," she said.

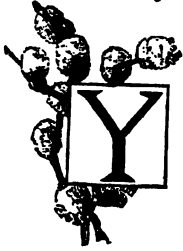
And she showed him her report book. Johnny's marks were: "Behavior, No. I; Lessons, No. I."

"You see you can be good when you want to, so you need n't try every day," said Bad.

That was the first time Bad had spoken in a long while and Johnny heard what he said.

CHAPTER X.

JOHNNY THINKS WELL OF HIMSELF.



ES, I can be good when I want to," Johnny said, as he was taking his clothes off to go to bed.

"Of course you can, so you need n't try so hard every day," said Bad, again.

"It was Jesus who helped you," said Good.

But Good's voice was not so loud as in the morning, and Johnny did not stop to hear it.

He said his prayers, but he did not pray really and truly, for he was looking out of the window, thinking about the ride his father had promised him in the morning. He

said, "Now I lay me," as fast as he could say it, and did not even thank God for helping him through the day. Ah, Johnny had fought Bad once and beaten, but Bad did not stay beaten!

The next morning they had pancakes. Johnny could always eat six, and no more, because they were not very good for him. When he had eaten the six, his mother said:

"How many have you had, Johnny?"

"Say four," said Bad.

They were so good, and Johnny did want more, but he knew Bad wanted him to tell a lie, and he would not tell lies.

So he said "Six" to his mother, but he felt cross because he could not do as he pleased. Just then baby Toddles came up to his chair. She had been put down from her high chair so that she might not have to sit still too long.

"Donny had ticks," she said, bringing her

little curly head close to his arm. She made him spill a little water from his cup, and he pushed her away roughly. Poor little Toddes' feet had not yet learned to hold her up very well, so she tumbled back and hit her cheek against the corner of the lounge.

"O Johnny!" said his mother.

"Well, she pushed my arm."

"Leave the room, sir," said his father, and Johnny went away with Bad.

Good went behind them, but they would not hear a word he said this morning.

"You always have to take the blame," said Bad.

"She's so little," said Good, from behind.

"Of course I did n't mean to hurt her," Johnny said.

Good came a little nearer.

"They always expect you to give up every thing to her," grumbled Bad.

Johnny sat down on the door-step very,

very cross. Baby must have been hurt badly, for she cried so hard; but she was so troublesome! He wished he had not hurt her, though. She must be better, for she was quiet. What were babies good for, anyhow?

Just then the dining-room door opened and Toddles came out with a big bump on her forehead. She came right up to Johnny and put those two little soft arms around his neck.

"Donny hurt baby," she said.

"But I did n't mean to. I'm sorry," said Johnny.

"And you won't do it again till the next time," said Bad.

"You be still!" cried Johnny.

"Babies are good to love and take care of," said Good.

CHAPTER XI.

A BAD DAY.



WELL, that was another bad day with Johnny Two-boys. He did not forget about the day before and how happy he had been.

But he did n't feel like study, and he did n't want to be still. And Good and Bad *did* keep talking so!

"You ought to study; you won't know your lessons," said Good.

"Oh, bother! let him alone," said Bad. "He was good enough yesterday for a week."

"But he was happy," said Good.

"Well, ain't he happy now?" asked Bad.

"I wish you would keep still; how can I study?" said Johnny to both of them.

And then he ran his eight fat fingers into the soft curls that covered his head and stuck two thumbs into his ears—to be quiet. Did you ever see a school-boy do that?

But, dear me! His ears were not what heard the talking. It was Johnny himself.

"I guess you don't feel well," said Bad.

Johnny listened, though his thumbs were still in his ears.

"There's a tree with lots of chestnuts over in the field. The boys are going there after school, and if you could say you were sick and get there first"—

"*Will* you be still?" said Johnny, starting up so quickly that he knocked down his slate with a great bang.

"John, you may stand up in front," said the teacher.

The boys who were naughty had to stand in front of the teacher's desk ten minutes at a time.

Poor Johnny! He hated to do this; but he knew he had been idle, and he knew the teacher had been looking at him.

And this is the way things went all day; so you see Johnny could not have a very good time that day. But going home from school, he thought it all over. Good and Bad were with him, of course, for they never left him.

"I suppose it began by my not saying a *truly* prayer this morning," said Johnny.

"It began last night, when you thought you could be good when you wanted to and forgot how God had helped you all day," said Good.

"You're well enough. What is the use of all this fuss?" said Bad.

But he did not talk as loudly as in the morning.

"Don't you think if you said a truly prayer now, you would feel better?" said Good.

"But I only say my prayers night and morning," said Johnny.

"The Bible says to pray without ceasing. I suppose it means very often," said Good.

"What! kneel right down in the streets or anywhere?"

"Your mamma says folks can pray if they can't kneel down; but you can go to your room, and then you can kneel down," said Good.

"Well, I will," said Johnny.

Soon after, Johnny's mamma passed through the next room, and she heard Johnny say:—

"Dear Jesus, I forgot all about you to-day; but I truly, truly want to be a good boy, and I can't if you don't help me. So, won't you please help me?"

CHAPTER XII.

JOHNNY LISTENS TO GOOD.



WELL, after this Johnny Two-boys had just as much advice from Good and Bad as he ever did, but Good always spoke so that he could be heard now, and Bad never made him keep still even if Bad had his own way.

A little girl lived near Johnny named Sarah Waters. Her father and mother called her Sadie, but the boys liked to tease her and called her "Sallie Waters sitting in the sun." That was n't very bad, but her hair was red and the boys would cry, as they followed her to school:—

"Little Sallie Waters sitting in the sun,
You've got a red head, and you'd better run."

Then poor little Sadie would run crying into the house and tell her mother she "never, never wanted to go to school again!"

Johnny had heard Sadie's mother telling how badly she felt, so he knew all about it.

Well, one morning Johnny started off to school a little earlier than usual. He had not forgotten to say a truly prayer that morning, but he felt so full of fun that he told his mother he wanted to "tear round and break something." His mother laughed and told him he had better "run round the block four times, and then tear away to school." Johnny said that was n't what he meant; but he went out of the door and spied Sadie Waters.

"Little Sallie Waters,"

began Bad, before Johnny had time to think.

"Stop!" said Good. "You ought to be ashamed."

Sadie looked round. She was n't quite sure Johnny meant to tease her. She had not quite heard what he said.

"Oh, say the rest of it," said Bad. "She's such a baby."

"*Don't* say the rest of it; you'll make her cry," said Good.

"Girls always cry. That's all they're good for," said Bad.

"'And be ye kind one to another.'"

It was a verse out of the Bible. Johnny's mother had taught him a good many verses, and Good was always saying them over to Johnny.

"'And be ye kind one to another,'" said Good again, quite loudly.

"Wait for me, Sadie!" shouted Johnny. "I'll show you the pollywogs."

"Oh, will you? I never saw a wollipog," said Sadie, turning round with a glad little face.

They stopped by the brook, and Johnny showed her the funny little things, all head and very little tail. Then Johnny told her how they lost their little tails and hind legs came out, and after awhile they were frogs and said : “ Kerchunk ! kerchunk ! ”

“ I like you ; you don’t tease me like the other boys,” said Sadie.

“ You need n’t tell her you were just going to,” said Bad.

“ But you were, all the same,” said Good.

But after all, though, you see Johnny had listened to Good instead of Bad.



CHAPTER XIII.

DID JOHNNY HAVE A GOOD TIME?



YOU *always* have to mind your mother. I should think you might have a good time once in awhile,"

said Bad to Johnny one day.

"He has a good time *when* he is minding his mother," said Good.

"Oh, of course you always say so, — but there's the brook; it would be first-rate wading to-day."

"You never go without your mother says you may, and she has gone out," said Good.

"Your mother lets you go every few days, and would now if she were here," said Bad, very quickly.

"It has been raining, and the brook may be too high," said Good.

"Oh, bother the rain! Lots of boys go in every day, and you are only going to wade."

"But your mother said you must never go near the brook unless she said you might."

"I think she would to-day," said Johnny.

"Of course she would," said Bad.

"Obey your parents," said Good.

That was another verse Johnny had learned.

"But I think she would let me, and it is awful pleasant and warm," said Johnny.

"Just the day to wade," said Bad.

"Obey your parents," said Good again.

"It's very warm; I don't think it would be wrong, 'cause she would let me," said Johnny.

"Well, then, why don't you go, when you know she would let you?" said Bad.

"I will," said Johnny.

"Obey your parents! Obey your parents!" Good said over and over.

But Johnny went.

When they came to the brook they found it was very full. Good said that was just the time his mother would say "No." But Johnny took off his shoes and stockings.

"I'll just step in where it's not deep and stay a minute," said Johnny.

But the place was deeper than he thought, and he began to be frightened.

"Don't be a 'fraid cat!" said Bad.

Johnny went in a little further, and stepped on a stone he did not see. It turned and twisted Johnny's foot so that he fell into the water.

The brook was not deep enough to cover him all over, but he was afraid to stir for fear his head should go under and then he would be drowned.

No one was near except Good and Bad. Bad had a way of getting Johnny into trouble, but he never helped him out again.

Pretty soon Johnny's foot began to ache very hard.

"'Call upon Me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee,'" said Good.

That was another verse in the Bible.

"Dear Jesus, I'm sorry I did n't mind mamma. Please forgive me and help me," said Johnny.

"Well, the Lord *did n't* deliver you," said Bad, after a time.

"He wants you to wait and ask again," said Good.

Johnny tried to ask again, but his foot was hurting so badly he could not think of any thing else, so he began to cry.

"Well, and what have we here?" said a quiet voice.

It was the minister. He was passing by and heard Johnny's cry.

Johnny told how it all came about while the big strong man was carrying him home.

The minister was very much interested to hear about Good and Bad. He said he knew them well, and would tell Johnny more about them some day.



CHAPTER XIV.

SOLDIER JOHNNY.



JOHNNY was sick a week. When his mamma first took him from the minister he was very cold. They put blankets over him,

and gave him a warm drink. Then he began to be hot, so hot! and he threw the covers off and talked a great deal.

He talked about Good and Bad, and minding and not minding mamma. And the tears came into mamma's eyes when she saw how sorry Johnny was that he had not obeyed her.

When the fever was gone and Johnny

was quiet once more, his mamma knelt by his bedside and told the dear Lord all about it. How Johnny had tried not to mind Bad, and yet how often Bad had made Johnny do wrong. And she prayed that God would help Johnny and Good to keep Bad away all the time, and make Johnny stronger and stronger to say No!

One day the minister came.

"Well, Johnny, how is it with Good and Bad?" he asked.

"Good's ahead, now, sir," answered Johnny. "Perhaps Bad has gone away to stay."

"Don't believe it, Johnny! Bad will never go away while you live. You can only learn to hold him back and keep him from driving you."

"Can I never get rid of him?" asked Johnny, sorrowfully.

"Yes, oh, yes; when you go to live

with God in his house. But here you must have him about; only God will help you to chain him up and keep him where he can only growl and make an ugly noise like a dog. I have a Bad too, and he sticks to me all the time."

"And you are a minister?" said Johnny.

"Yes; and do you know why I am a minister? Because I saw every body had a Bad, and many people had not half as much help as I did, to keep Bad from running away with them. God gave me a good mother and father, and a pleasant home, and good teachers to help me. Lots of boys and girls have none of those things. I wanted to help them fight the Bad in them, and to tell them what a strong helper Jesus was if they would only ask him."

"I think I'd like to be a minister?" said Johnny.

"Well, you can begin to work like one as soon as you get out."

"I?" said Johnny, in great wonder.

"Yes, you. Don't you know what a hard time Tommy Mason has? His mother is dead and his father drinks. I see you going to school with Tommy often. Now tell him about Good and Bad and how you are trying and praying. Suppose you could help him to brave and try to do right, would n't you be glad?"

"Ye-es, but I would n't like to," said Johnny, slowly.

"Why not? You are not ashamed? Johnny, you are not ashamed?"

Johnny hung his head, and then looked up brightly and held out his hand.

"It is mean to be ashamed. I'll try not to be, sir."

Johnny had many good talks with the minister after that, and he learned to hold out a helping hand to many boys when he found Bad was leading them in

wrong ways. And Johnny learned too that if we would be like Jesus, we must not only try to keep Bad away from us, but away from every body about us.

Bad did n't leave Johnny — oh, no! And he often led him into trouble. But Johnny was always very sorry, and after awhile he was a good little soldier in Jesus' army.

Are you a soldier in Jesus' army?



